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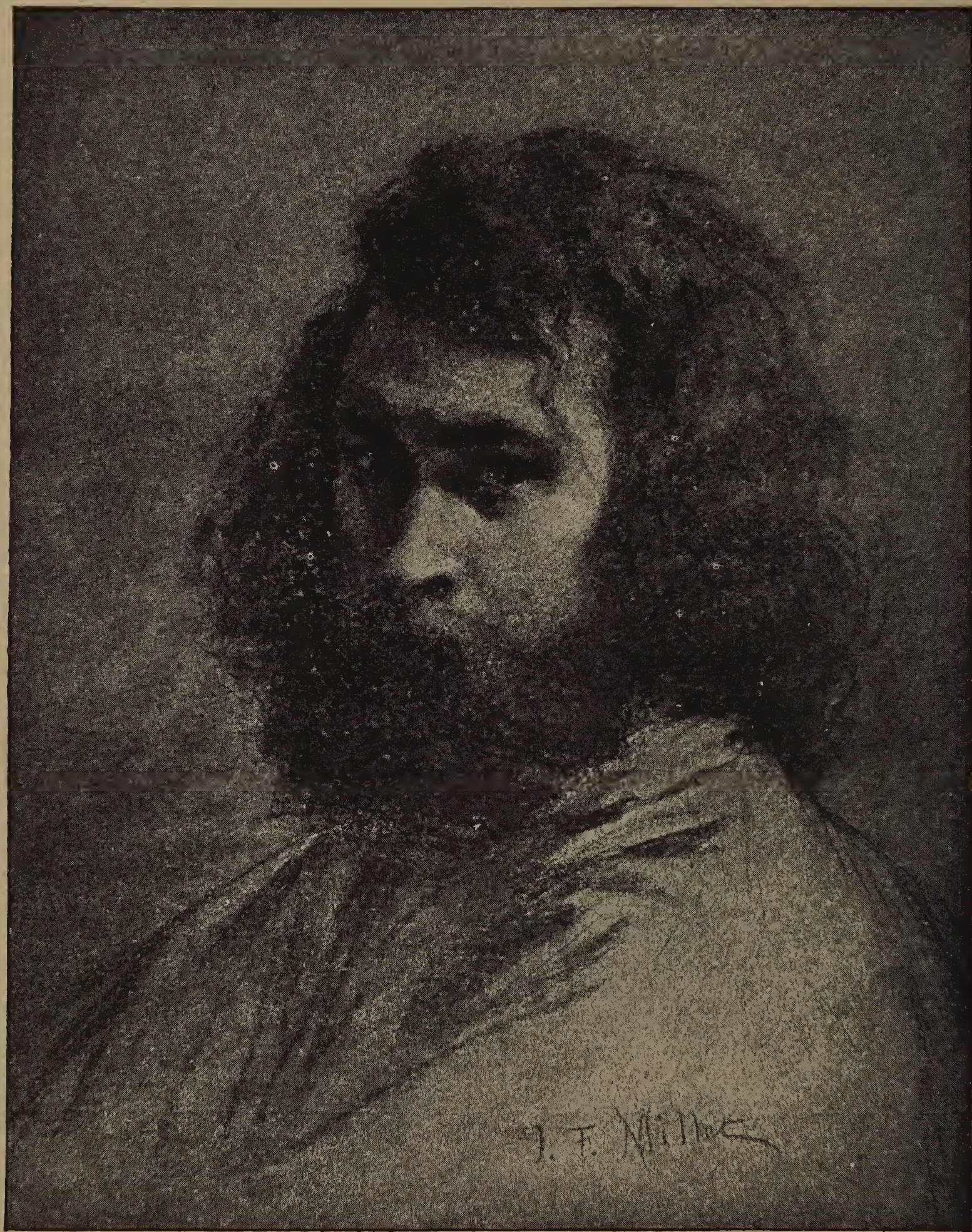
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CENTRE OF VISION

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Vol V.

Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1907

No. 8

The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, during the third week of every month in the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

Communications should be addressed, according to their nature, to the editor, business manager, or exchange editor.

Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

10 cents a copy.

75 cents a year in school.

\$1.00 per year by mail.



Motto



Conscientious Discharge of Duty

“Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot ;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown — yet faint thou
not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;
For with thy side shall dwell, at
last,

The victory of endurance born.
Truth crushed to earth shall rise
again :

The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes with
pain,

And dies among her worshippers.”

— William C. Bryant.

“We ascribe beauty to that which is simple, which has no superfluous parts, which exactly answers its end.” — *Emerson*.

Mural Decoration

As the mission of mural painting is in a measure different from that of the easel picture, in order to properly estimate the value of a mural painting it is necessary to realize its functions and discover, if possible, in what way it differs from the easel painting.

Even a cursory glance at this subject will bring at once to our notice the fact that one is painted without any reference whatever to its environment, while with the other the environment entirely determines, or, at least, should determine, its whole scheme.

The easel picture is complete in itself. It is to be sold and hung no one knows where. If, when it is hung, it is well lighted and fairly within the range of the vision, we have gained the most that we can expect.

If, therefore, the composition is good and a good expression in feeling, atmosphere, and color of the subject represented, and its frame is in keeping, it has, generally speaking, fulfilled its purpose.

If its environment is not satisfactory, does not do it justice, there are two things that may be done; one is to modify the surroundings to harmonize with it, the other is to move it to a more fitting environment.

A setting is so essential and so often inadequate that the effect of many truly great paintings is ruined for want of it. The proper setting of a precious stone is not more important than that of a painting, and yet how seldom as much care is given to the latter as to the former.

With a mural painting, however, we are working just the reverse; from the environment to the painting. In this case the painting is designed and colored to fit its setting.

How different, therefore, must be the problem. Here the painting is part of a large architectural design, and only a part. While its mission is to enrich, it must ever be subservient to its environment. It must not be too insistent. It must keep its place, be reserved in its claim to attention, and go, as it were, hand in hand with the architecture.

Mural means wall; a wall it is, and a wall it must remain; and any artist who destroys the character of the surface, making it look other

“As we increase the range of what we see, we increase the richness of what we can imagine.”

than a wall, deprives it of its architectural function, and robs the architectural design of its completeness. Such a painting fails completely in its mission, and at once becomes a fair subject of criticism.

For this reason, all the qualities that in an easel picture may be given free scope, in a mural painting should be subject to something outside of itself, to the big intention of architectural design. The composition, the perspective, and the color must all be subject to the lines, masses, and color of the architecture.

It is obvious, therefore, that it would be impossible for an artist to paint a decoration for any building without either seeing it, or having a detail drawing of the location given him, with an exact description of the lighting and samples of the surrounding color scheme. Puvis de Chavannes was forced to do the latter in his library decorations, as at his advanced age a trip to the United States seemed impracticable. How well he succeeded his work amply testifies. No one would content himself with this method, however, if it were possible for him to see for himself the surroundings in which his decoration was to be placed. Not only this, but to put rough colored sketches of his designs in place, to be sure of the arrangement and lighting.

In the problem of a mural painting we have our limitations set, not only in regard to size, but also to composition, perspective, and to a large extent color, especially where the architecture is marble and cannot be modified.

Frequently by changing the color notes in a hall the prevailing color can be made to harmonize better with the color scheme of the decoration. This was done with Abbey's decoration in the delivery room of the public library.

It is obvious that the subject of the composition is largely influenced by the nature of the building in which it is to be placed; the function of the building, if it is a public edifice, being illustrated in the subjects selected. In a dwelling house more latitude in this direction may be given.

It would seem that these principles would be obvious to any painter, and yet we have but to look at the decorations in this and other cities to

“Even if you are only five feet high, stand erect.”

see how many men have ignominiously failed to perceive the true function and limitations of the mural painting.

When our painters wake up to the fact that a mural painting is not an easel picture glued to a wall, that there is something in art besides representation pure and simple, that a painting may be great, and yet not be the whole thing, we will begin to have mural paintings that will be a credit to the buildings in which they are put and an honor to the men who paint them.

“Pierre,” ’06.

Snapshots

After all, in painting, as in photography, the best things we get are often the “snap-shots.” Think what an advantage the man has who can take the snap-shot, when it comes to painting from the living model, changing ever so slightly, but ever so surely, in pose and in expression, from the fresh-cut flower, so soon opening its petals wider and wider and drooping its perfect head, from the glorious outdoor world, with its surpassing effects of but a brief moment’s duration.

Happy the man who has so trained his eye and so skilled his hand, and, no less important, so learned the art of selection that with force and decision he can take advantage of that fleeting best effect and make it his and the world’s, with all the ease and a thousand times the enjoyment of the man with the camera.

Franz Hals was such a man. There is that “Hille Bobbe” of his which we all know. What is that but a snap-shot of the old fish wife? And was ever anything more truly and dexterously painted! Call it a clever sketch. It is, but more than the quality of mere cleverness, it possesses all the requirements of a slow and careful study, and ranks with such.

“And the moral of that is,” to quote Humpty Dumpty, learn to take snap-shots, and you will be both more of an artist and more of a man, quick, accurate, and decided—if you are not so already.

B. E., ’08.

“The man who trusts to luck for his happiness will be in luck when he gets it.”

An Alphabet Artistic

A, the Artist—ah, that's the word.
B, the Bulrushes—in the cavern they're heard.
C, the Crit.—which we get for naught.
D, the Drawing—we make to be bought.
E, the Excellent—we get for our mark.
F, the Fussing—when the studio is dark.
G, the Giggle—not in Normal, we hope.
H, the Hand-painted—they sell to the dope.
I, the Interest—in study not shown.
J, the Joke—followed by a groan.
K, the Kneading—they do to the clay.
L, the Layman—for fine art they pay.
M, the Money—we get for our art.
N, the Notice—and with money we part
O, the Oracle—who tells of our fate.
P, the Painting—not now, but never too late.
Q, the Question—and they're not a few.
R, the Request—for mon' long o'erdue.
S, the Saving—of those who don't lend.
T, the Training—for which we spend.
U, the Unions—by art played the fool.
V, the Victory—of winning laurels in school.
W, the Waiter—who waits for a tip.
X, the Unknown—talked forth by a sip.
Y—the You, + Z the me.
Whom if you try to find you'll be up a tree.

Howard, '10.

City or Country in May?

The Symphony concert season is over, and the musicians are sailing to other lands. But the bird artists have arrived, and in the country the rehearsals are on in full force. All the concerts are free, if one is

“Most of the things you think you know, your neighbors know you only think.”

fortunate enough to be awake so early in the morning, and never can musicians play better, from the first piping and chirping of the tuning through to the grand finale!

In the city we walk down to Rowland's or the Saint Botolph to see a charming bit of moonlight by Metcalf. Ah! but out here one simply steps on to the lawn and there are pictures everywhere.

Look out at the meadows, and you will see more “yellow” than can be found in all the millinery shops in Boston, and these are not imitations.

Let us get back to nature, “God-made and not artificial,” just as often as we can, listen to its music, and see the real pictures and flowers.

F. A. H.

June

They were standing on the platform,
'Midst the music and the palms,
Making us feel proud and happy,
With their intellectual charms.

One had writ something in Latin,
Science supplied several themes,
And they hinted of the future,
When they had fulfilled their dreams.

One fair maiden, tall and queenly,
With a high and lofty goal,
Thrilled us all with deepest rapture
With her “Essence of the Soul.”

When we praised her and caressed her,
Told her that she'd won renown,
Eagerly she begged us tell her
If we really liked her gown.

C. M.

The frontispiece this month is a portrait of Millet by himself. Most of us are not as familiar with his likeness as of some of the other painters.

“The want of principle is often the principal want.”

A Plea for Better Technique

Last year in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* were some exceedingly interesting letters written by Whistler to his friend, Fautin Latour; letters that were perfectly sincere, when one artist wrote to another who could understand his aims and aspirations. Whistler confided to his friend that he found in his middle age that he was decidedly lacking in technical equipment, and consequently could not adequately express himself. Then followed a wail wherein he reproached himself for not having acquired in his youth a facility that would have enabled him later to express the beauties he saw but could not reproduce. These letters are very sad, and only corroborate the impression of all who understand Whistler's work. Excellent intuitions prevail in many of his canvases, but the result, if not an absolute failure, is often only good in a few places, and in fact there is hardly a picture of his (excepting his portrait of his mother) that does not show in some part his shortcomings as a technician.

Mr. Baher in the *May Century* has told us how the Immortal Jimmy talked about his secret of drawing. Poor man! he had no secret of drawing, and only knew too well how deficient he was in that respect. Now all students should understand how essential it is that they acquire the rudiments of the profession they are studying. As the musical student studies to produce a beautiful, even tone, so the painting student should endeavor to produce with his medium a tone that has the same fluency from the beginning to the end. A study of the art of Japan will show how sensitive the Japanese are to beautiful, flowing tones made with a full charged brush. The student must not misunderstand me to mean that only the flowing tone should be acquired, as that would produce a monotonous technique. Often such tones are contrasted by a rough, granular touch that gives variety and expresses a totally different surface. Only after much practice will the student be able to express himself fluently and easily.

Ernest L. Major.

ALUMNI NOTES



Royal B. Farnum, Cleveland School of Art, Cleveland, Ohio, Editor

"Much of old material goes to make up the freshest novelty of human life."—Hawthorne.

We are disappointed in not being able to give the details of the great convention in Cleveland, but this will come in the June number. Notes being due before the convention assembles necessitates this postponement.

Lee M. Watson, '04, who was instructor for a short time in mechanical drawing at the Michigan Agricultural College, has accepted a similar position in Oak Park, Ill. Frank S. Needham, '99, is supervisor at the same place, and as he and his wife, who was Miss Emma C. Goetchins, '98, and also Mr. Watson are graduates of class C, no doubt they will enjoy pleasurable reminiscences together.

Mrs. Gracev (Ruthella Sprague, of the class of '06) begins the new term at the Michigan Agricultural College as instructor of freehand drawing, working in the same department with Caroline Holt, '97.

We congratulate the school on the beautifully successful reception given to the Faculty last month. It seemed more like the "ancient days."

The following are the new alumni officers: President, Charles W. Furlong, '95; vice-president, Mrs. Wilhelmina Dranga Campbell, '91; secretary and treasurer, Miss Ellen F. O'Connor, '96; executive committee for two years, Alexander Miller, '92, Miss Amy R. Whittier, '92, Harry S. Jones, '92, Miss Grace Ripley, '04, Walter N. Stiles, '07.

The Massachusetts Normal Art School is well represented at the Boston City Club "Student Exhibit" in their rooms at 9 Beacon street by the work of Dunbar, Broderick, and others.

"A lie travels by wire; the truth, by mail."

Idle Dreams

"Would that I might thus put my dreams on canvas!" exclaimed the enthusiastic young artist, pointing to a beautiful painting. "Dream on canvas," growled the master. "Cease this idle dreaming. Learn rather to make the ten thousand touches with the brush that go to make your dream."

Shall we, then, have no visions of the heights to which we'd climb? Does the old artist condemn the enthusiasm and bright hopes of youth? Ah! no. He says not, "Cease your dreaming," but "Cease your idle dreaming."

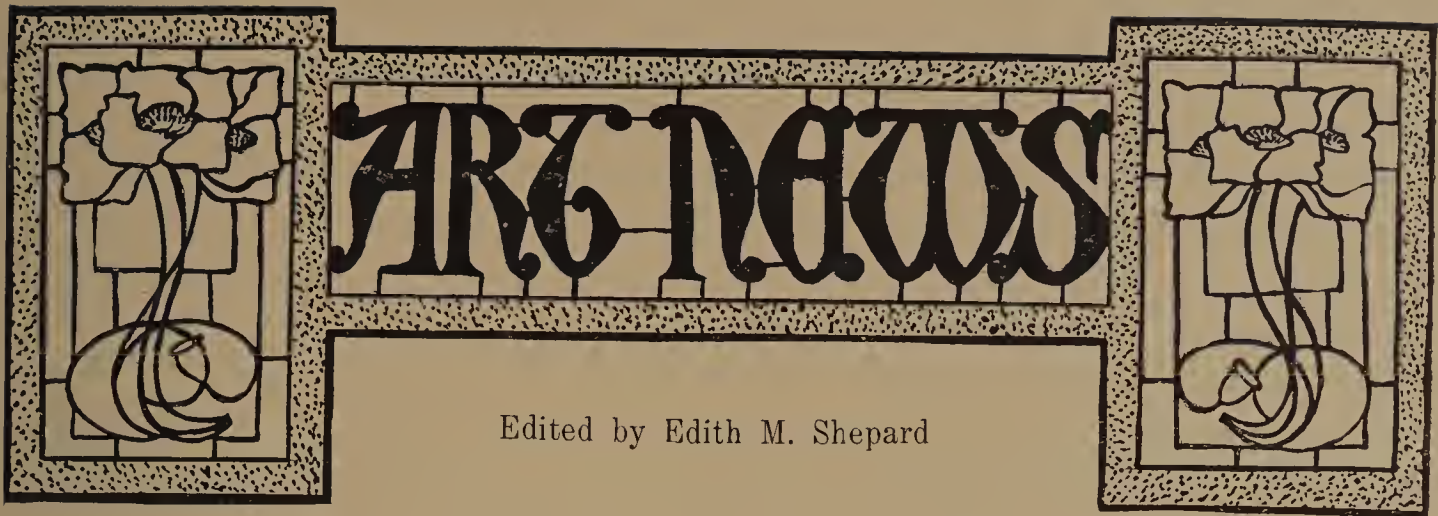
We must have our vision of truth, our goal, and the higher it is, the better, but each day should crown an earnest effort towards reaching that goal. Have we tried to tell our story truthfully, to paint the thing just as we see it, or have we slighted here and there, thinking it would never be noticed, always entertaining the assurance that we can and sometime will paint a good one. If we have been doing the latter, let us now mend our ways. Far better a crude statement of the truth than a clever lie. "You must paint so well that I will not think of its cleverness, but of its truth."

But time is passing. Indeed, some of us must soon leave this school and the instructors who have worked so faithfully to start us in the right way, and our success will now rest with us. As the years pass,

Shall they find and leave us dreamers,
With our goal a vision still,
Or shall we each year bring it nearer?
"We can do it if we will."

Genius is but faithful labor,
Let us not give up until
Time shall bring our dream's fruition;
"We can do it if we will."

"Post Grad."



Edited by Edith M. Shepard

The results of the competition for scholarships offered by the Art Students' League of New York have been announced. The competition was open to all students in the country, with the exception of those in New York City. Charles H. Knapp and William S. Taylor, of our school, were among the ten to win these scholarships. This reflects great honor upon them and upon the school, especially as they are the only students in Boston to receive awards.

The beautiful gardens of the Villa Borghese, which are celebrated throughout the civilized world, have been sold to the Italian government, and are about to be cut up in order to give place to the buildings of the International Institute of Agriculture. The government purchased the villa and the grounds from the bankrupt chief of the Borghese family four years ago, at a relatively nominal price, preventing his disposal thereof to foreign multi-millionaires, who were willing to pay for the villa and grounds sums that would have extricated the prince from all his financial embarrassments. The state turned over the villa to the city of Rome, to be used as a park and museum, reserving itself the right to devote at any time it saw fit 50,000 acres of the park to the construction of public institutions. It has now decided to make use of this stipulation to erect the new Institute of Agriculture, and has chosen for the site thereof not any outlying corner of the grounds, but some of the most beautiful portions of the gardens and park, which for more than three centuries have been one of the most attractive features of Rome. They date from Pope Paul Borghese, who built the villa and laid out the grounds, which from that time forth were thrown open at least three days a week to the public of Rome and foreign visitors. The villa, a gem in itself, all frescoes, busts, statues, and decorations, set in

“Being forced to work and do your best will breed you a hundred virtues which the idler never knew.” — *Charles Kingsley*.

the midst of trees hundreds of years old, shaded avenues, moss-grown fountains, and marble and bronze statuary, the tones of which are mellowed by age, is unique, not only in Italy, but in Europe.”

“One of the most familiar figures in the world of art passed in the death of Rudolph Julian, founder of the academy of painting which bears his name. He was born in 1841 at Palna, in the department of Vancluse, and early in life came to Paris to study art. His work at the Beaux Arts was so successful that he was confidently expected to win the prix de Rome, but after several failures he abandoned the attempt. For several years he painted portraits, and at the close of the war with Germany, when the artistic life of Paris was beginning to revive, he opened a school for the study of art, particularly for the training of painters. His studio soon became one of the most noted rendezvous for art students on the continent, and pupils came to him from all over the world. He was particularly well known among Americans.”

Two portraits by Mr. DeCamp and one by Mr. Major, together with several by other Boston artists, have been on exhibition at the Rowland Galleries for several weeks past. Many of the paintings will probably remain there some time longer.

The Transcript says of the two portraits by DeCamp: “The pictures by Mr. DeCamp are from the recent New York exhibition of the Ten American Painters. They are a portrait of his daughter and a partially nude figure of a woman braiding her hair. In no works by this painter has been shown quite such a full command of the resources of his art. The drawing, modelling, and coloring of the torso of the woman braiding her hair are in the highest degree excellent. It is one of the most competent pieces of nude figure work that American art can show. The pose is happily invented, the turn of the neck is graceful and natural, and the action of the hands and arms is exceedingly well indicated. In the portrait of his daughter Mr. DeCamp has been equally successful.”

A portrait of John S. Sargent, painted by himself, is the latest addition to the collection in the famous Uffizi Gallery of Florence. One part

“Yesterday’s neglect is to-day’s worry.”

of the gallery is devoted to portraits of artists painted by themselves. To have a picture hung there confers undying fame upon the artist.

One of Sargent’s sitters said recently that Sargent is in great haste to finish some work in London, that he may go to Syria to make sketches for his unfinished decorations in the Boston Public Library; that the thought of these decorations has become a great burden on his conscience. We Bostonians sometimes wish that he would find them even more of a burden.

The May Century contains a number of rather interesting and amusing short stories about Whistler. It also contains an article on the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Laon, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

The May Scribner’s has an article on Miss Violet Oakley’s paintings for the Harrisburg State House, with photographs of several of the pictures.

The May number of the International Studio has a criticism of the exhibition of the Ten American Painters, with many illustrations. It also has an illustrated article on the work of the sculptor, William Ordway Partridge.

In the gallery of Bigelow and Jordan, 11 Bromfield street, there is an exhibition of paintings by American and foreign artists.

A collection of European paintings is on exhibition at the Williams and Everett Galleries. The pictures include works by Troyon, Diaz, Rousseau, Thaulow, and many others.

All entries for the third summer exhibition of the Copley Society at Copley Hall must be sent in on or before June 26. The jury will include Holker Abbott, Thomas Allen, Frank W. Benson, F. W. Coburn, Desmond Fitzgerald, T. G. Frothingham, A. M. Hazard, Charles Hopkinson, H. D. Murphy, Bela L. Pratt, Edmund C. Tarbell, Edward W. Warren, and Charles H. Woodbury. The show will be open from July 1 to September 1.

“The great man never swaggers, but the man who thinks he is great does nothing else.”

A Sketch

It would be well worth while to stop for one moment and consider the life of Jean Francois Millet. Born a peasant, in the hamlet of Gruchy, in the wild, but picturesque, district of La Hague, he became one of our greatest painters. He loved the orchards and woods, he loved the twilight and stars, he loved anything that had to do with nature. With a broad-minded father, he was led to fully appreciate his beautiful surroundings. But because he had this love and cared not for the traditions of the classic spirit which most painters of his time were bound up in, he was looked upon as being odd, in fact, freakish. His first impression was gained from an old illustration, and there arose in him a desire to go out and try his success as a painter. Early study was in Gruchy, then to Cherbourg, and finally to Paris, only to meet with a continual succession of discouragements, which were offset by tireless efforts of a great mind.

People would not listen to him or recognize his work because his ideas were so different from the ideas of the time. Tiring of Paris, he left and settled in his native land, in the midst of poverty, living in a meagre cottage, but where he could study nature and peasant life, covering the days of toil with sentiment. He loved what he called the “human” side of life, and painted nothing else.

But his work was not in vain, as we all know, for towards the close of his life such liberal-minded men as Rousseau, Corot, and Dupré were awakened to the excellence of the peasant painter’s work, and now all nations compete to be the owner of his wonderful masterpieces. Who can look at the painting, so familiar to us all, “Going to Work,” without being impressed to the extent of wanting to own a copy and have it to look at all the time?

May walks and picnics are now very popular. “A word of warning”: Keep to the fields and woods, or the automobiles will get you if you don’t look out.

Mr. Chickering in a letter to the committee in charge of the class photos says that so far no one has been in to sit. Wake up!



EDITORIALS

The coming of May and June, especially to the Seniors, makes us realize just where we stand in our merry careers. Are we ready to face the world and "dare" everybody? Do you think we have appreciated all the advantages old Boston and the state have given us,—the artistic atmosphere, the exhibitions, lectures, etc.? Are we even acquainted with our own teachers in their respective lines of work, what they are doing at the present time, and what their ambitions are? Study them; let your work show that you are trying to appreciate their ideas and methods, and you are none the loser.

We are going to make the June number the best ever, and in order to do this it will be necessary to raise the price to twenty-five cents. It will contain many additional pages, articles, and cuts, which will make up an exceedingly interesting souvenir number, and one that every one will want. As we print a limited number, you had better engage ahead from the class editors.

It has seemed advisable to extend the time for contributions for the June number to be in. All drawings will be received before May 24, and manuscript up to May 28. These dates are absolutely the latest possible.

Do you all know that the Seniors are going to give their Prom June 18? Save the date. Watch the CENTRE OF VISION bulletin.

The graduating exercises will take place in the school lecture hall Thursday morning, June 20. The annual exhibition of the students' work will be held just after the exercises.

The centrepiece in the cover design for this month was drawn by Florence I. Bulfinch.

“A man who never makes mistakes loses a great many chances to learn something.”

Class Notes

'07

Florence I. Bulfinch

James K. Bonnar

Here!!!? X! ———? —————!!!!

Miss Bailey: “What is Mr. Johnston doing looking through that sieve, Mr. Broderick?”

Mr. Broderick: “Trying to strain his eyes, I guess, so that he can see clearer the next pose.”

Mr. DeCamp has at last found a remedy for poor posing on the part of the models. Back to back they now sit, so that no friendly wink or coquettish glance may be exchanged.

After a short vacation in the Portrait Class, Mr. Johnston has resumed his position in the office.

Enterprising students are now selling lemon tickets. Ask Stebbins.

Misses Bates and Bulfinch have combined efforts to paint their cast shadows. Can any one offer any suggestions?

A new book has recently been put on sale in the Public School room, entitled “Twenty-three Recipes for Water Colorists,” by Miss D—c—n. Limited edition!

Twenty-seven school biddies sitting in a row,

Each with a sheep-skin held before them so;

Along came an agent, looked them up and down,

Took his specs from off his nose, and ran off with a frown.

How music charmeth the soul! Even Mr. Andrews was attracted to our studio by the “Kitten Quartette,” now giving daily selections.

The eccentric he-ars and pre-e-esents which once greeted the constable on her daily rounds have at last settled in gentlemanly and lady-like replies. This is a pleasing sign.

“There’s one business that never pays — everybody’s.”

’08

Polly M. Leavett

Charles R. Mabie

Hurrah, everybody! Now, for our first move as a class, shall we all move at once and in the same direction?

How about the musical notes in E. Major (’s)? They are misplaced.

There seems to be a crack in that drawing (somewhere in Mr. Hamilton’s).

“Patience is a virtue by the few possessed.”

Heard when Josephine was posing in Major’s:—

Visitor: “Fine old lady in there.”

———: “Which one?”

It was a question of grass and not nourishment when Randel said: “I could walk ten miles on grass.”

We hustle and we bustle,

For Time is on the wing,

We hurry and we scurry,

But we haven’t done—A Thing!

Choice receipts by Mr. K. J. See our next issue.

Mabie ’tis Chocolate Pie!

’09

Lillian Holden

Daniel R. Stewart

A familiar saying:—

Miss P——: “Miss M——, have you your note?”

“Oh! I forgot it, Miss P——.”

Lost—A book! Kindly ask Mr. Burnham about it.

Tenderfoots! In the paint line please look out for visitors.

Don’t forget to bring your friend to the graduation exercises, students.

“Be sure you are right, and then — take another look.”

Miss Safford has our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Our “gym” is rather poorly equipped, but, under the circumstances, Class B in calisthenics is doing itself credit. All applicants to the class are advised to take out life insurance policies before joining.

Lost, strayed, or stolen---A young man from Class B. His studio sees him so infrequently that his fellow-students celebrate “Old Home Day” every time he appears. Reunions are in order.

Did any one pass in two perspective notebooks by mistake? If so, please pass one along to some poor struggler who didn’t finish even one. Only one at a time, please!

Pianists seem to be at a premium lately. How would it do to take up a contribution daily from those who dance to “pay the piper”?

Dreamed in Class B any time the past month: “If a man twelve feet tall stood on a flagpole six feet high, so that the shadow of the lesser maxillary fell at B, what muscle, whose reflection cut off the zygomatic arch, would determine the position of the spectator?”

We haven’t discovered yet whether we were invited to a wedding or a funeral recently in a third-floor studio. We only know that either the bride backed out or the relict came to life, for no ceremony took place at the time appointed.

’10

Alice H. Stephens

Aldro T. Hibbard

About ten per cent. of the 1910 class appeared at a class meeting recently. Come, pull together, Freshmen, and show a little real spirit, both for your class and for the school.

They say P—m—r—y has a natural talent for water-color. Even now he swats it on like a veteran.

Breed painted three portraits and a horse’s head on one canvas. How much more do you want for your money?

Don’t worry, Howard, seven weeks yet for design, etc.

"All men are born equal, but they soon outgrow it."

Everybody is complaining of air (Ayer) in Cross's studio. What is it, too warm up there?

The students at the Museum have expressed their wish to play this school a game of baseball. It seems as though we might be able to stand one game.

Who says "Yes" for an outdoor sketching party when the air gets warm and balmy? Think it over.

The Sunset

Angel of the sunset and of peace,
Fold thou my soul in radiant embrace.
From passionate longing give my heart release,
And bid its storm and turmoil cease
As pearly waters from their lowly place
Reflect the changing glory sailing high,
Let me give back the image of thy grace,
And bear thy kiss of love upon my face,
As I to rest draw nigh.

Adah Prescott Knight, '09.

They paint with the "handles of their brushes," or "old sticks or broken bits of glass." They hold them as they would a baseball bat or a hammer. They never knew they ought to use the brush end, and keep it nice and clean, but, never mind, they produce masterpieces, so what difference does it make? They must be all the more clever.

They never scrape their palettes and set them properly, or stretch themselves a fresh piece of canvas, and thus they have more time to work at their art, and that is all they want—time to work.

They plant themselves in the way of each other's easels, if possible. But—let us desist; they are happy, all the same, and laugh, and whistle, and talk at their work so cheerfully and noisily. Let us not dampen their youthful ardor by remarking too critically on their strange habits.



S. Annette Washburn, Editor

A judge in coming to a decision often gets his finest and most convincing evidence from that sense which enables him to "read between the lines," to get "under the facts," as he says.

In the same way the reader of a magazine gets his impressions of the ideas in the minds of the editors. It is not from the articles themselves, perhaps, but from the choice of the material which is used and from that unspoken sentiment which goes with every bit of writing ever produced.

It is by this means that we have noticed, in several exchanges, an appreciation for certain good points in other magazines which they do not show on their own pages.

This quality is quite American, and is the basis of one of the great hopes of national progress. However, it ought not to be carried too far, for if we criticise a certain thing in an exchange we should try to rid ourselves of that very fault.

On the contrary, too, if we see something worthy of praise in another paper, why not use it to better our own paper? It is not quite enough to mention it in our exchange column, although the paper thus honored without a doubt appreciates the compliment.

We may feel ourselves capable of doing great things, and yet accomplish very little because we dream rather than work.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: Academy Life, Boston University Beacon, Calendar, Clionian, College Echoes, Drury Academe, Echo, Exponent, High School Record, Legenda, News, Normal College Echo, Oracle, Pennant, Penn Charter Magazine, Picket, Red and Blue, Review, School Bell Echoes, Student, Student Life, Tech, Tuskegee, Yellow Dragon.

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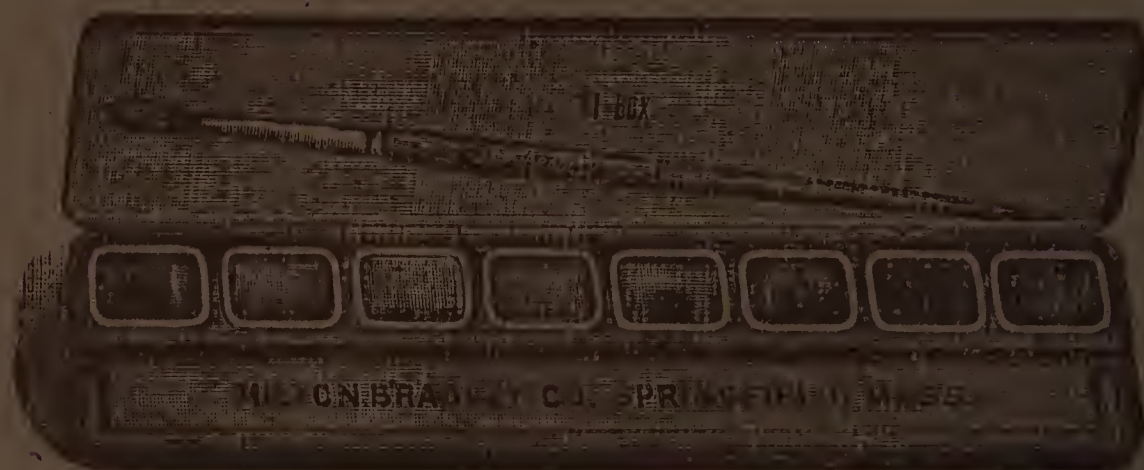
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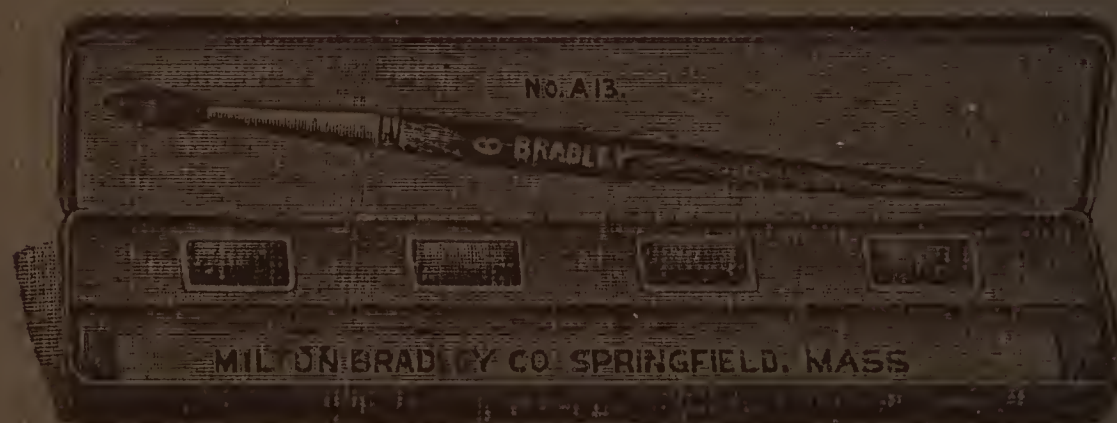


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